

Justice

by 1-1 Marines

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Summary: Sequel to Freelancers vs. Spartans. The UNSC now fights to avenge it's losses from the Battle of Earth, but there are quite a few obstacles in the way, one being a man known only as Locus. Technically discontinued, unfortunately.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*ME:** Time for the UNSC to begin to fight back.\*\*

**\*\*J. KEYES:\*\***

"Permission to board Captain?"

Jacob Keyes nodded as he smiled. "Permission granted Admiral, you may board."

Lord Hood exited the Pelican and shook hands with the Captain. "I trust all is well aboard our highly expensive flagship?"

"Yes sir," Keyes replied. "By God, the taxpayers are gonna get their money's worth. You can count on that."

The two boarded a tram and travelled forward. When they stopped and exited, Hood let the Captain lead on.

"Serina, please open the door."

The two entered when she complied. Inside was the bridge of the \_Infinity\_; due to the fact the traditional location of the bridge made command crews unnecessarily vulnerable, the UNSC had widely placed this critical room in the heart of the ship.

Only an idiot would expose a flagship Captain to enemy fire.

"What?" Serina asked, sending them both a holographic smirk. "You boys feeling small now?"

"Not at all," Hood replied. "Keyes, you heard about the \_Ariadne\_?"

"I did," he replied. "Heard she blew up near Venezia, reactor problems. Heard the locals didn't let her land any nonessential personnel."

"You're correct," the Admiral answered. "We sent the \_Monte Cassino\_ to help out, but there was a delay and they showed up too late. When they went looking for survivors, the bastards fired on her with a Covie anti-aircraft cannon. Luckily they didn't hit her."

"Son of a bitch," Keyes cursed. "Want me to teach them a lesson sir?"

"That I do," said Hood. "The Venezians have been very naughty lately-spare the rod, spoil the child. I want you to pay them a visit with the \_Infinity\_, a little Thursday War as they said in the British Royal Navy. Give those bastards a spanking Captain."

**\*\*MORITZ:\*\***

"You fired on a destroyer?!" Staffan Sentzke asked. "A Goddamn UNSC \_destroyer\_?!"

Peter Moritz, head of the Venezia militia, swallowed. "How was I supposed to know the Monte Cassino wasn't gonna invade or bomb us?"

"Now they're going to for sure you idiot," the Swedish Insurrectionist replied. "Earth lost three cities to the URF and their friends, all of whom weren't exactly backwater towns. I don't care for the mother planet, but how long until they use us as an example to the rest of the colonies since you've fucked everything up?"

The other rebel was about to reply when suddenly one of the Airfield's guards screamed as a grenade went off.

Both men instantly drew their sidearms, only for a figure to uncloak right behind them.

Moritz was barely able to turn and shout in shock before the armored giant withdrew a knife and stabbed the terrorist in the neck with it.

"Thanks for the toys Santa," the monster spoke through his helmet. "I'll be good."

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*ME:** Alright guys, here's Chapter Two. I hope you all like it, read and send comments please!**\*\***

**\*\*KEYES:\*\***

"Two minutes!" Lieutenant Lovell said from his station.

"Alright ladies and gents," Keyes announced via the ship's PA, "the insurgent colony world named Venezia watched as the UNSC Ariadne died and shot at the Monte Cassino when she searched for survivors. Before that, they blew up the local Colonial Authority building, sold stolen weapons to various terrorist organizations and have been a general pain in the ass."

He smiled before continuing. "It's time we give those bastards a spanking! The Infinity, boys and girls, is a giant paddle!"

"HOOYAH!"

"Slipspace deceleration in t-minus thirty seconds Captain," Serina announced.

"Understood," he replied. "Lieutenant Hikowa, shield status?"

"Shields are at one-hundred percent sir," she replied.

Serina began the countdown. "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two..."

The Infinity exited slipspace right in the Qab system.

"Wow," said Lovell. "Just about right on target Skipper, on time too. This new precision slipspace navigation tech is gonna revolutionize the entire Navy."

"You got that right Lieutenant," Keyes smiled. "Alright, bring us up on New Tyne. It's the only actual settlement on the planet, meaning that's where Innies HQ'll be."

Serina frowned and chimed in. "Scans reveal no hostile spacecraft in the area Captain," the AI announced. "However, I'm seeing what appears to be fighting in the city."

"The hell?" Lieutenant Hall questioned. "We haven't even sent anyone down there yet, who else could be here besides the Venezians?"

**\*\*NAOMI:\*\***

Since they were part of ONI Section Three-specifically SAD-SOG (Special Activities Division-Special Operations Group)-Team Black never would be publicly lauded as heroes like Blue Team.

Not that Naomi, call-sign Black Two, minded at all. Publicity would only give her and her three teammates unnecessary attention-attention that the enemy would use against them.

They were all wearing heavily-modified MJOLNIR armor, equipped with both active camouflage and photoreactive panels for stealth. Naomi carried an M395 DMR and an MA5D ICWS, both equipped with suppressors to reduce their sound and muzzle flash. Normally firepower would've been somewhat reduced, but luckily her Full Metal Jacket rounds had been replaced with M762 SAP-HE ones. Same caliber, more damage.

Team Black had been inserted on Venezia via the prowler \_Port Stanley\_ shortly after the Battle of Earth, with orders directly from Admiral Parangosky to terminate any URF operations on the planet. So far they had stayed out of New Tyne to maintain secrecy, reporting back to Captain Osman via secure comms.

But not for any longer.

"Black One," said Osman, "\_Port Stanley\_ Actual. Radio check, over."

"Ma'am," their leader replied, "I'm reading you five-by-five. Go ahead Captain."

"A firefight just broke out at New Tyne Airfield, looks like someone else has decided to get involved in Venezia. Move in and take 'em out, you are cleared hot to engage any and all armed personnel. Acknowledge."

"Understood," One replied, "we'll get it done ma'am. Out."

Naomi and the others moved out at her command, eventually reaching the city limits. So far no hostiles had been encountered-it appeared the local militia had withdrawn to defend the airfield.

"All clear," Black Four-Victor-reported. "No sign of-."

Before he could finish, an explosive attached to Victor's helmet and detonated, sending metal and gore everywhere.

"NO!"

The three remaining members of Team Black turned just as an energy cutlass flew through the air and struck Black One in the neck.

Naomi and Three both knew she was a goner, and rolled away as the cutlass detonated in and killed her.

The two survivors of Black then saw the killer of their teammates.

It was Locus. A feared Insurrectionist assassin who went by the name of his helmet, he was widely regarded as the most dangerous rebel alive.

Both Naomi and Black Three opened fire. In response, Locus dodged and sent a plasma grenade sailing towards them,

Three didn't move fast enough, and Naomi felt tears roll down her cheeks as her only remaining teammate died in the explosion.

Locus, taking advantage of the chaos, threw down a bubble shield to protect himself and got on a motorcycle.

"From every massacre," Locus said as he got the vehicle moving, "there is always one survivor."

**\*\*ME:** Time for a little tech porn and a break from the action.\*\*

**\*\*NOTE:** From now on I'll be giving you guys dates, times, locations, etc to the best of my ability. Also included will be quotes Karen Traviss style. Like this:\*\*

**\*\*Objective complete Arbiter.** We've annihilated New Tyne, taken what we could and destroyed what we couldn't. If we're lucky-not that I'd hedge my bets on luck-the UNSC will get blamed by the media, assuming Section Two fails to cover this up. Additionally three Spartans-AKA "Demons"-were killed by yours truly. We have to move now that the Infinity's shown up, but I say we've succeeded yet again.\*\*

(Insurrectionist commando/assassin known only as "Locus", defected SPARTAN-II "washout" and URF Athenian supersoldier)

**\*\*0900 Hours, May 2, 2553\*\***

**\*\*PELICAN DROPSHIP VICTOR 091,** inbound to Planet Mars from UNSC Cairo Station\*\*

**\*\*HOOD:\*\***

"Thank you for allowing us to film this demonstration sir," the Hive Channel reporter said.

"I won't regret it, I trust," the Fleet Admiral replied.

Lord Hood had been reluctant to allow for the media presence, but permitted the Waypoint crew-both of whom, of course, were ONI PR Division-for the sake of morale. The reporter wouldn't ask the wrong questions like a civilian one, particularly the more liberal core-world "Innies out" types, and it would be good to keep up the spirits of the rank-and-file by showing the latest weaponry they would soon be receiving hopefully.

The pilot spoke briefly on the radio, presumably getting the Martian TC to clear them for atmospheric access. Hood briefly mused on the increased amount of paperwork he now had to do just as his secure datapad vibrated. He glanced at it and was disturbed at the message displayed.

It was Parangosky, CINCONI, the most powerful woman-to some extent, person-in the entire UNSC. And what she had to say wasn't positive in any sense of the word:

"Terrence,

Captains Keyes and Osman both report that the URF and their Covenant allies have destroyed New Tyne. Enemy operative Locus was seen in command of a strike force that seized or destroyed a large amount of military assets possessed by the Venezian Militia; additionally, all of Team Black save Sierra-010 are KIA at his hands. Fortunately Agent Kilo-39 was safely extracted along with 010. But here's the really bad news.

The bastards set off a stolen UNSC neutron bomb.

\_I'm not joking. The only good news is that we didn't lose anymore people.\_

\_Overall the entire city of New Tyne has been irradiated. If there are any buildings left standing, they don't have people living in them anymore nor will they for quite a while.\_

\_It's pretty obvious why they didn't use a conventional nuke or one of their fusion bombs like the ones used on Earth.\_

\_The URF wants to blame us for this, since neutron bombs leave more of the infrastructure intact than a conventional thermonuclear weapon would. In other words, when you don't care for the enemy but don't want to ruin his stuff.\_

\_I'm already working on making sure that doesn't happen, don't worry \_too\_ much.\_

\_Margaret."\_

"UNSC Pelican Victor Zero Niner One, Victor Zero Niner One," the radio blared suddenly, "this is New Manila TC. I need you to modify your approach velocity immediately, over."

His pilot responded instantly. "Negative on the modify New Manila, I have VIPs onboard. Requesting permission to land, acknowledge."

There was a pregnant pause. "You try and auto land at that speed, your VIPs'll be Very Important Corpses Zero Niner One. Throttle down, I repeat, throttle down and reduce your approach velocity. Over."

The pilot shook his head. "Okay then Manila, requesting permission to manual land then. I repeat, I have VIPs onboard and one of them has a schedule to keep."

"What, no!" The controller replied, significantly more irritated. "I repeat, negative Zero Niner One. Permission denied, you can either slow your toy down or spin to a go-round."

"I'm afraid I can't do either Manila, do you copy?"

Hood listened intently as the other man swore in Filipino. "Listen you dumb jarhead son of a bitch, this isn't one of your overfunded military bases. New Manila Spaceport is a civilian facility, manual landing could-."

"Oh shut it," Hood interrupted. "New Manila TC, this is UNSC Fleet Admiral Hood. I'm temporarily overriding safety protocols for Zero Niner One as acting head of state, you either let me do my damn business-which, by the way, is partly meant to boost the morale of fighting men and women much less paid than your coffee-sipping ass-or I will make you wish your mother had an abortion. Am I clear?"

The controller's voice lost all bluster. "Yes sir, I'll have you cleared immediately. Just..please proceed with caution."

"I'm a safe driver," Victor Zero Niner One replied, "out." With that he briefly glanced back at the older man. "Nice one sir, didn't know

anyone but Parangosky could pull that off."

Without further comment, the Pelican landed and lowered it's ramp.

In addition to Hood and the two-person media crew, there were six other people: Captain Veronica Dare and five handpicked ODSs. They were temporarily reassigned as his personal security detail.

A Department of Colonial Security Special Agent in SWAT gear greeted him. "Welcome to Mars Admiral, we've already secured the route to the Misriah facility. Motorcade's waiting."

"Good," the British man replied with a rare smile.

With that the combined military/law enforcement group marched on. The lead agent pointed to an SUV nearby two other DCS agents, most likely his subordinates.

Captain Dare took action. "Buck, with me. Everyone else, secure the PR team."

It made sense. There were only seven seats in the SUV (Hood recognized the model) and the two other agents looked more than capable of making up for the loss of the other Helljumpers.

The lead DCS man took shotgun, while the other two climbed in the back.

"Ladies first Veronica," he told the S-1 officer.

It wasn't just politeness; squeezed in between her and the Gunnery Sergeant, Hood was less vulnerable to gunfire.

The ride was rather uneventful, and Hood was pleased to notice that a certain businessman was ready to greet him.

"Welcome to our chief factory in Katagalugan Admiral Hood," Spanner Misriah began. The CEO was appropriately dressed in a black suit and white shirt, funeral apparel-fitting considering the losses Earth had suffered. "I hope you and your entourage find what I have to show you up to your satisfaction."

"I'm certain we will Mr. Misriah." Misriah Armory was the chief supplier of the UNSC, and while they could get pricey at times Hood was satisfied with the industrialist's wares.

The party (reinforced by the rest of the Security Council and their bodyguards) walked until they reached a room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Misriah announced, "I present to you the next generation of defensive products!"

He picked up an assault rifle. "This is the MA-Five-D ICWS. Recently field-tested by elite special forces units, one recent addition is a scope attachment to the electronics suite for more accuracy. It's been modified for increased durability via stainless steel and a designed clearance for fouling, making it somewhat comparable to an old Kalashnikov. But it's even better, with less recoil and far more power. But the secret to the increased firepower does not lie in the

rifle."

He picked up a single 7.62x51mm bullet. "Instead, it lies in the round. This is a M-Seven-Six-Two, having just been approved for mass production. It's filled with RDX triggered by a delay action fuse shortly after impact, both increasing firepower to roughly that of a conventional fifty-caliber round and preventing accidental casualties by over penetration."

He put down the round and picked up what looked like an ordinary M45. "Weapon Systems Technology tries to beat us in the shotgun market, but I'd like to see them beat this. This is the M-Forty-Five-F. For starters, like the Five-D we built it for low maintenance and less chances of a jam. It's also a dual-mode." He tapped a ring at the front of the forend grip. "You want pump? Keep it at the back. For semi-auto, switch to the front by manipulating the ring. This is for versatility; pump-action's good for non-lethal rounds, making it attractive for hippies and cops, while semi-auto is preferable for more powerful ammunition like our patented FRAG-Eight rounds."

He picked up a bullpup automatic shotgun. "This is the Auto Assault-Eight, but it's pretty self explanatory: Basically an MA-Five-D turned shotgun, technically an older twelve-gauge model updated and modified slightly."

He then grabbed a 14.5x114mm round. "But this is the crown jewel, the Holy Grail, the son I never had. The Mark Two Hundred Fourteen High Velocity, High Explosive Incendiary Armor-Piercing round. It has an incendiary mix, an RDX explosive and a tungsten carbide penetrator in that order surrounded by a copper jacket. This baby has the equivalent firepower of a twenty-four millimeter cannon round. Lose velocity and range over time, but all the snipers my design team polled-who's will remain anonymous for the sake of security-feels it will make up for it against enemy material."

Misriah paused and glanced at the officers. "I like to call it the Ex-Wife."

"You had a nasty divorce didn't you?"

"I don't like to talk about it."

**\*\*ME: Yeah, I made an Iron Man reference right there. Sue me. And I paraphrased the RVB Season 9 trailer.\*\***

**\*\*Wow, this was long. And detailed.\*\***

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*ME: Alright guys, here's a couple OCs courtesy of CJ Timm and a canon character from H\*\*\*\*alo Reach who will get an expanded role. See his story Noble Wolf for details.\*\***

**\*\*NOTE: For the sake of clarity, the term soldier may be used a bit more liberally since the UNSC's unfortunately NOT the American military in space. Apologies to the more hardcore of my fans.\*\***

**\*\*Warning: Realistic dialogue from Majestic ahead. For the last God**



damn time (apologies to you-know-who in heaven), 343 filters the dialogue and waters it down. Considerably. And before anyone criticizes Palmer again for her "egghead" dialogue, scientists. Are. Not. Above. Military slang. I'm sure you guys never have heard of the terms grunt or POG before-quit whining already.\*\*

\*\*Sorry for the author's rant-back to the story.\*\*

\*\*Terrans think the galaxy revolves around them and their hypocrisy, their ignorant slaves in the Sol System squander every opportunity they have to take down the power structure that the less fortunate among us never will be able to do, the thugs of Reach delude themselves into thinking they're warriors for a great cause and the Harvesters are dumb, greedy and stupid enough to sell them grain. But it's all semantics-the fools can't wake up out of their fantasy world.\*\*

(Quote commonly attributed to various neo-Koslovic terrorist/insurgent organizations; ironically, they all failed to agree on who conceived it)

\*\*0723 Hours, May 3, 2553\*\*

\*\*PELICAN DROPSHIP KILO 023, inbound to UNSC \_Infinity\_ from UNSC HIGHCOM Facility Bravo-6\*\*

\*\*MIKE:\*\*

"Yeah? And where were you DeMarco?"

The apparent leader of Fireteam Majestic responded with a smirk on his face. "Oh, Madsen and me? We were just entertaining the ladies of Rio de Janeiro with our community outreach skills as any professional warrior would do in the name of humanity!"

"Yup!" His blonde-haired compatriot, clearly Madsen, agreed with the enthusiasm of a stereotypical college frat boy. "Excellent value for their tax money as well considering we kept made them feel secure while giving them a good time and without a single penny exchanged!"

"Dear God," the red-headed female muttered, "you two bloody sods are gonna die of whatever STDs you've caught at this rate assuming you haven't condemned half of those poor souls yourselves by now and whatever children they had the dubious pleasure of being impregnated with."

"That would require them actually having sex with women Grant," the fifth one interjected.

The gray-armored man sitting next to the younger soldier ignored the banter and reflected on his assignment.

For years he had trained to be the best in Beta Company before being pulled out and sent on solo operations-the grim reaper of the Special Activities Division's SOG (Special Operations Group). Unlike most people, he was incapable of watching James Bond movies because of how much it cost him in real life.

Some said Section Two's PR teams were liars; evidently they had never

gone through what he did then lived to see such bastardized fiction.

But now he had a new assignment. Commander Ambrose, the man who had trained him and his fellow SPARTAN-IIIs, had given him new orders personally: Noble Team was being split into two sub-groups, Alpha and Bravo, and he had been hand-picked to the dismay at everyone in Section Three and their mother for Bravo.

As much as he disliked his role as a solo operator, he had a sense of apprehension. Ever since training he was a lone wolf, hunting down prey without the aid of a pack. It would be a new experience for sure.

He looked over the aptly-named blood tray to see the other passengers on the flight. Both were female like Majestic's Scottish member, but there were clear differences between the pair.

One of them wore what could only be red MJOLNIR armor, but unlike Mike she kept her helmet off. She was definitely a six-footer, taller than an average woman, and her red-streaked blonde hair and piercing green eyes told him she wasn't enhanced like him or Majestic.

She was a "normal" human, and such a customized suit meant she was connected. Her youthful face, rank of Lieutenant Commander, and last name of Misriah (the latter two particular tidbits brought up in his HUD) pointed to one thing:

Politics, a synonym for cancer and corruption.

Michael Nantz-not that he had gone by that last name in forever-was not particularly impressed by what he saw next.

Ensign Sara Sorvad was somewhat more ordinary by civilian standards, half a foot shorter than Misriah and perhaps somewhat younger. Dark hair contrasting with light eyes. But she was clearly a bit more uncomfortable in her MJOLNIR skinsuit-was she a product of nepotism like Misriah seemed to be, or merely a foolish girl in over her head and showing it?

He was hoping Colonel Holland-in command of the JSOC Task Force aboard the Infinity and thus his new boss-wouldn't keep him on Noble for too long. Being a lone wolf was now more attractive than his parents would've probably liked.

**\*\*ME:** Sorry for the lateness guys, I've been putting up with nasty little drama. Not MTV drama, but annoying garbage nonetheless. I just hope this chapter was up to par.\*\*

**\*\*Also,** what kinda gear (as in armor) should Sara have? I thought having her onboard would kinda give a non-military perspective and kinda diversify Noble, which was her original role. I'm gonna try and use her primarily like Miller from Spartan Ops.\*\*

**\*\*And** is Sara's hair black/brown and her eyes blue/gray? I'm getting conflicting sources from the Halo Wiki and Halopedia, I need confirmation guys.\*\*

**\*\*ME:** Sorry for the lack of updates guys, I've been on vacation in Massachusetts (Texas is better, I know)**\*\*\*\***. Hope this'll satisfy y'all.**\*\***

**\*\*Tensions** run high in Rio de Janeiro. Due to the difficulties of housing asylum seekers from the now-disbanded Covenant alongside Outer Colonial refugees, rioting has broken out and the state's military police have been deployed to restore order. But as more and more lives are lost, some say it is only a matter of time before the UNSC declares martial law and sends troops to reestablish peace.**\*\***

(News report concerning Rio de Janeiro)

**\*\*KEYES:\*\***

Serina's avatar flickered to life. "Captain, I just received flash-traffic from Bravo-Six in Sydney. The Security Council demands to speak to you immediately."

The Naval man nodded. "Onscreen please."

The AI silently complied, and the stone-faced members of the Council appeared. Hood, the Chairman of the Council, seemed particularly grim.

"The UNSC \_Infinity\_ awaits your orders Admiral Hood sir," Keyes answered as calm as possible.

Hood nodded. "Good to know Captain, because the Brazilian government has just petitioned us for aid. Local police in Rio de Janeiro are getting hammered, so we're declaring martial law."

The British man had a sip of water before continuing. "I want the \_Infinity\_ on station and assisting the authorities five minutes ago. Have Colonel Holland send in his troops then park \_Infinity\_ above the city within visual range of the populace but hold fire for now-I don't need you destroying Rio with missiles just yet."

The Captain gulped. "Sir, this amount of force seems somewhat excessive-."

"Is the amount of woman and ten-year old girls being raped by anarchist thugs not excessive Keyes?" The Fleet Admiral replied. "Are the homes and shops being destroyed by mindless looters excessive? You and your crew shall prevail and write this tale in the blood of those who dare murder and torture their neighbors because they can. I wish you the best of luck, for you'll need it to send those bastards to God Captain."

"Aye aye sir," Keyes said. "Infinity out."

**\*\*HOLLAND:\*\***

"Roland, pull up a display of the city," the Colonel ordered.

The AI smirked. "You didn't say please, but since I'm nice here ya go sir."

With the display on the holo-table, he addressed his commanders. "Spartan Fireteams are to be deployed sparingly to critical locations to put down major riots and rescue civilians and/or overwhelmed police units. ODSRs will pound the pavement and establish road blocks to initiate a lockdown and hold until relieved or restore order. Rangers are to drop in where needed, particularly in the favelas where the locals will need more help. Delta and SEAL operators will be sent where the Spartans cannot or aid them as needed. You are cleared hot to neutralize any hostiles, but be selective: We don't need unnecessary civilian casualties or property damage, damn looters are destroying enough as is. We haven't been cleared to request artillery strikes or Air Force Broadwords, but I'll authorize the use of our Pelicans for CAS."

He cleared his throat. "Ladies and gentleman of Task Force Infinity, I've never been more proud to lead you. Succeed in this mission, and you will save tens of thousands of civilians and restore peace and prosperity to the area. Fail and there will be nothing but chaos and death for the people of Rio de Janeiro. I have faith you will achieve victory and have tales for your grandchildren. Dismissed!"

\*\*ME: How was that guys? Any ideas for how the riots should go?\*\*

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*ME: Alright, here's Chapter Six.\*\*

\*\*I always wondered why my daughter Natalia went into the Navy. She graduated with a bachelor's degree in business administration at age eighteen from Harvard, and would've been able to earn an MBA before her twenty-first birthday. But my brilliant girl has been working for ONI-specifically God-Almighty Parangosky-ever since graduation, and now she's been assigned to some Spartan group named Noble. At least she'll have one hell of a resume when she gets a real job.\*\*

(Spanner Misriah, MBA, CEO of Misriah Armory)

\*\*May 3, 2553\*\*

\*\*PELICAN DROPSHIP KILO 023, inbound to UNSC \_Infinity\_ from HIGHCOM Facility Bravo-6\*\*

\*\*NATALIA:\*\*

"Hey guys, come take a look at this!" The big SPARTAN-IV yelled.

Natalia tried to remind herself that this wasn't a field trip or even working as an aide for CINCONI, but curiosity got the better of the twenty-year old woman and she got up to take a look.

"Damn," she muttered aloud at the sheer size of the flagship, "that's pretty big."

"What, you seen bigger girl?" The black man, Hoya, laughed at his own joke with two of the other males on Fireteam Majestic.

The Section One officer scowled at the three. "I am not, 'Girl' Spartan. My name is Lieutenant Commander Natalia Misriah, and you will show me respect since I outrank even your team leader. Am I understood?"

The laughter died.

Back in Sydney she heard stories of the Fours and how they were drawn from the most elite professionals in the Defense Force. Evidently Majestic was an exception to the rule.

Or not, for the only other female passenger besides Ensign Sorvad nodded at her. "Don't mind Hoya ma'am. He's better if you get to know him and excellent at close-quarters. Just whatever you do, avoid spreading your legs for DeMarco or Madsen."

"Wouldn't dream of it," she growled, still flustered. Without a second thought she jammed on her helmet.

No one else spoke for the remainder of the flight.

Kilo 023 landed uneventfully, and the eight passengers rapidly exited the Pelican.

The still-angered blonde woman glanced over and noticed a rapidly approaching figure in white MJOLNIR armor.

The user was not a he, but a she. Brunette, had a no-nonsense air and was taller than Natalia at 6'9.

"Take a look," DeMarco announced to his compatriot.

"Oh my-."

"Nope, I saw her first Madsen."

Natalia didn't hesitate to roll her eyes. She had been hit on before, mostly by corporate and military figures in her age group trying to gain access to her connections more than anything else, but this was just ridiculous.

"Hi there."

"Why hello Spartan?"

"-Paul DeMarco, I'm in charge of Fireteam Majestic, an elite group of Spartans that I'm privileged to lead into battle."

"Wow," the woman replied unimpressed, "a whole Fireteam huh?"

"Are you one of the assistant team leaders or something?" Madsen interjected, not taking the hint. Natalia was tempted to warn them but it was too entertaining. "Because I know what it's like to put up with arrogant team leaders."

The brunette smiled. "The name's Sarah Palmer. Commander Sarah Palmer, to be precise. I lead all the teams DeMarco, but you lead one of them-you feeling small now boys?"

There was chuckling from the other three members of Majestic. "Hey

there baby," Hoya imitated his leader, "I'm DeMarco and I lead Majestic."

"I'm Commander Sarah Palmer," Grant, the woman who had talked to her, added. "I lead all the Fireteams aboard Infinity. But you lead one of them, that's way cooler then my job!"

"Alright Spartans," the real Palmer interrupted, "S-Deck is this way. And I do not sound like that."

Natalia wasn't a church-girl, but she silently prayed to God Noble Team wasn't like this.

**\*\*ALEX:\*\***

"I'm getting to lead my own team?" Six asked.

Carter nodded. "That's right Alex. Noble's being split up into two groups, Alpha and Bravo. Alpha consists of me, Kat, Jun, Emile and Jorge. Bravo will be you, Charlie, Rosenda, Thom and a new guy named Mike transferring from SAD-SOG. And yes, you'll have OPCON of Bravo. Additionally we'll be getting a couple of handlers for intelligence and communications support."

The Lieutenant was just about to ask about the handlers when a male voice cut in. "Commander Carter sir."

Alex turned to find a man roughly his height in gray MJOLNIR armor. He also noticed a shorter woman in red armor and an even smaller female Spartan just dressed in a skin suit.

He smiled at the male. "Welcome to Bravo Lieutenant."

**\*\*ME: How was this guys?\*\***

## 7. Chapter 7

**\*\*ME: Alright, here's Chapter Seven.\*\***

**\*\*Maintaining security for the Sol System may not seem glamorous sailors, but do not think it's not important. Earth is the political, economic and social capital of humanity. We all can trace our individual heritages to the mother planet. We had Earth long before colonization-if we lose her, we lose a valuable part of our past, present and future.\*\***

(Fleet Admiral Terrence Hood, acting CINC-UNSCDF, addressing members of the UNSC Orbit Guard)

**\*\*May 3, 2553\*\***

**\*\*Naval Base Dysnomia\*\***

**\*\*BROWN:\*\***

"Status report," said Captain Michael Brown.

The scanner officer shook her head. "Slipspace routes are clean sir, no sign of hostiles."

"Defensive systems are powered down," Weapons reported, "as is the Onager."

"No distress signals or orders from FLEETCOM Skipper, COM channels are quieter then a cemetery."

"Reactor is normal," said the Lieutenant at OPS. "Engineering says we're gonna need more fuel in a week, but otherwise we're good."

The aging officer sighed. At his rank he should be commanding a cruiser-preferably a Marathon, or even one of the new Autumns-but to his dismay Brown was now serving in the Orbit Guard and had been given the dead-end job of commanding the UNSC's furthestmost outpost in the Sol System. He had been counting down the days until he could retire and find a better-paying job in the civilian world. The only reason why he didn't resign was a reinvigorated sense of human patriotism after watching his hometown of New York City get annihilated by the URF-Covenant alliance and the fact he'd have to forfeit his pension and VA benefits.

"Wait!" Announced the scanning officer. "I'm detecting a possible Covenant signature in Slipspace, analyzing now Captain!"

Brown briefly froze. "Let me know if you identify anything Lieutenant. I-."

"Confirmed!" She interrupted. "Contact is definitely a Covenant warship, probably a corvette or frigate!"

The Captain blinked before doing what he was trained and paid for. "Battlestations! COM, send a burst transmission to the Hive: 'Covenant vessel detected in Slipspace. Recommend system-wide mobilization.' Weapons, tell the Longsword pilots to prepare to scramble if need be and put our point-defense systems on standby: If we go down, we're going down fighting. Oh, and load the Onager-if that son of a bitch gets close, the least he gets is a bloody nose. OPS, inform our engineers they're about to earn their salaries. Hooyah?"

"HOOYAH!" The other hands aboard the Dysnomia replied.

\*\*UNSC HIGHCOM Facility Bravo-6, Sydney, New South Wales, Commonwealth of Australia, Earth\*\*

\*\*HOOD:\*\*

"Captain Brown, status report."

The Orbit Guard officer swallowed before addressing the Fleet Admiral. "Sir, approximately three Mikes ago my station detected a Covenant ship in Slipspace. ETA is at most four Mikes."

"Thank you Captain," Hood replied. "Any idea where the ship will exit out of Slipspace?"

"Current velocity indicates the ship will exit near Earth, close to Australia sir, Sydney to be exact," Brown replied. "Has Orbital Defense been alerted?"

"Already done that Brown, and I'll pass on your new information. Bravo-Six out."

With that the British man terminated the connection and began hailing one of the ODPs. "\_Sydney Station\_, \_Sydney Station\_, this is Fleet Admiral Hood. Radio check, over."

Another face appeared on the screen. "Sir, this is \_Sydney Station\_ Actual. I read you loud and clear, go ahead Admiral."

"Dysnomia's indicated the Covie ship is gonna exit near your position, get ready for some action Captain."

"Understood, we'll be ready sir. Out."

Hood glanced around the Situation Room. The \_Infinity\_ was busy delivering troops to quell riots in Rio de Janeiro, but as soon as that was done she'd support the rest of the Fleet.

Suddenly the Covenant ship reentered normal space.

"Slipspace rupture detected, Slipspace rupture detected!" A female voice squawked.

"Contact identified!" A calmer male voice reported. "Subject is a Charlie-Alpha-Romeo-type frigate."

"Heads up sir!" Yelled a COM tech. "The Covenant ship-it's hailing us!"

"-Arbiter Thel 'Vadam to the United Nations Space Command on Earth. I propose an alliance to deal with our mutual opponents."

**\*\*ME: DUN! DUN! DUN! Plot twist!\*\***

**\*\*I named Captain Brown after a professor of planetary astronomy that reclassified Pluto as a Dwarf planet. And the UNSC Orbit Guard is an auxiliary of the UNSC Navy that's based off the modern day American Coast Guard.\*\***

## 8. Chapter 8

**\*\*ME: Chapter Eight. Also starring crew from a certain video game franchise-guess who it is...\*\***

**\*\*You can trust me Fleetmaster of Fleetmasters. The so-called Prophetess of Humility's troops are as much your enemy as they are mine. Join me and we will rid their presence from the universe.\*\***

(Arbiter Thel 'Vadam, leader of an anti-Prophetess of Humility Covenant Remnant faction)

**\*\*May 3, 2553\*\***

**\*\*UNSC \_Port Stanley\_, holding position above Rio de Janeiro, Rio de Janeiro (state), Federative Republic of Brazil, Earth\*\***



**\*\*FISHER:\*\***

Sam Fisher was rumored to be the deadliest son of a bitch in SAD/SOG, the most feared and secretive Special Mission Unit in all of the UNSC.

Fisher could see where they were coming from. He had been an up-and-coming officer in the Navy SEALs even before joining ONI, having served as the XO of DEVGRU's Gold Squadron before being recruited by Section Three. Now Admiral Parangosky herself had seen fit to temporarily reassign him to a top-secret unit headed up by Captain Serin Osman, formerly her senior aide at Bravo-Six and rumored to be her chosen successor.

"What's our mission ma'am?" Isaac Briggs, the other handpicked Paramilitary Operations Officer, asked.

Captain Osman cleared her throat before answering. "Anyone with a connection to the planetary Internet would know that rioting's broken out in Rio de Janeiro, with the local Outer Colonial refugees and Covenant asylum seekers being particularly hard-hit."

The dark-haired officer then tapped the holotank. "What the media doesn't know fortunately is that some of the city's thugs have gotten hands on military-grade hardware way above their pay-grade: Some of the local terrorist cells have been smuggling in Covenant plasma weaponry, mainly rifles but also some sidearms here and there."

"Which brings me to my final point." Osman indicated a specific building, and Fisher noticed the Turkish woman got tense. "Misriah Armory and Section Three's Materials Group have been jointly working on a program codenamed Project GUNGNIR. Their current objective is to create a man-portable directed energy weapon-they've succeeded, but Core Four"-which everyone knew was CINCONI's Staff, even though they were actually located in Core 5 of the Hive-"is worried about the possibility of the design being acquired by the enemy, the scientists getting kidnapped, the prototypes being stolen or all of the above. BB, can you confirm that the prototypes and scientists have been moved to the local ONI facility?"

The smart AI materialized in the form of his avatar, a featureless blue box. "Checking...confirmed my dear princess, the scientists from the Complex and weapons just arrived at base ninety seconds ago, and they wiped out all data on their computer systems related to GUNGNIR before evacuating. Unfortunately the Misriah security guards were wiped out to the last man-make that woman, one of them was a female with appropriately short hair for the job."

Fisher clenched his teeth. The contractors may have been private sector, but most of them were recruited from the military and various law enforcement agencies.

The Captain nodded. "Alright team, listen up: Your mission is to secure the facility and hold the facility. Under no circumstances are those scientists, the design or the prototypes to fall into enemy hands. Am I understood?"

The three operators sounded off with a, "Yes ma'am." Fisher had never worked with a Spartan before-he hoped she was what Section Two's PR

Division said the Spartans were.

Osman: "Naomi, for this mission you'll be assigned an AI named Iona." With that she handed a data crystal chip to the much taller woman.

"Grab your gear and head to the Pelican people, dismissed."

At this Fisher walked over to the armory and greeted Charlie Cole, a hacker and tech expert from SAD/SOG's Armor and Special Programs Branch. "My helmet's ready Charlie?"

"Yeah Sam," he mentioned. "I've upgraded it for more secure communication, everything else checks out as well. You'll be the most well-equipped reluctantly aging badass in history."

The Paramilitary Officer didn't smile but thanked Charlie anyway, instead grabbing the helmet and putting it on.

The SPI Mark III had been just approved for mass production, and it couldn't have come sooner. The photoreactive panels, while inferior to the active camo used by the Elites, was a Godsend for SAD. It was equipped with energy shielding, and while even without it his suit would take more than conventional ODST gear could, Fisher wasn't Master Chief and the panels drained enough power that he had to minimize his scrapes or sacrifice stealth for more shielding.

A few grenades, a sidearm, a knife and an MA5DK PDWS SOPMOD, etc, later, Fisher was fully armed and on his way to the hangar.

"Alright people," he announced-it had been decided by Osman that he would be the field commander, "let's do this."

## 9. Chapter 9

**\*\*ME: Sorry I haven't updated in a while.\*\***

**\*\*The Sim Troopers are useless dumbasses. Luckily for us, useless dumbasses are good for target practice and cannon fodder.\*\***

(Freelancer Agent Carolina, musing on the value of Project Freelancer's less-than-stellar soldiers with fellow Agent South Dakota)

**\*\*May 3, 2553\*\***

**\*\*UNSC \_Infinity\_, holding position above Rio de Janeiro\*\***

**\*\*SIMMONS:\*\***

"Alright, men!" The brown-haired Colonel announced. "This will be a dangerous mission, and it's highly likely all of you will be killed or worse. Therefore, a skilled yet relatively expendable group will be sent in."

"Good," Grif muttered as he smoked, "he said, 'skilled.'"

"Sarge!" Holland yelled. "Get your squad ready for immediate deployment, you're going to Rio de Janeiro International Airport!"

"What?!" Simmons yelled, thick with worry. "But I'm not expendable! Colonel, where else are you gonna find someone with IT skills like mine?"

The O-6 snapped his fingers, and a pair of beefy ODSTs lifted him up.

"NO, NO, NO!" Simmons cried.

"Take 'em to the pods!" Holland ordered. "I'm not risking a Pelican to insert them."

"ASSHOLE!" Tucker yelled. "GO SUCK A-."

One of the Helljumpers shoved a Humbler electrified baton into the lech's crotch, shocking him.

Simmon's captors merely tolerated his struggling before shoving him into a SOEIV. The nerdy soldier did what he could, but the door sealed him into the metal coffin.

"Serina," Roland said over the PA, "the morons are all in the pods now."

"Good," she responded with what Simmons thought was a smirk.

Suddenly the SOEIVs were fired down out of the \_Infinity's\_ belly. Donut screamed like a five-year old girl over the radio, while Grif verbally complained about Brazilian food.

"Shut your mouths ladies!" Sarge ordered.

"I'm the only girl, ya stupid old man!" Sister retorted.

"I don't know any Portuguese!" Tucker said. "Lopez, can you translate-."

Suddenly their pods smashed right into an airport restaurant.

"SON OF A BITCH!" Simmons screamed.

\*\*ME: How was this?\*\*

## 10. Chapter 10

\*\*ME: Sorry for not updating in a while guys, I've had a lot of crap to deal with. Hope this satisfies y'all!\*\*

\*\*Some people like the Jews, and some do not. But no thoughtful man can deny the fact that they are, beyond any question, the most formidable and most remarkable race which has appeared in the world.\*\*

(Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Britain during World War

Two)

**\*\*May 3, 2553\*\***

**\*\*New Dubai, Arabia, Islamic State of New  
Levant\*\***

**\*\*JERUSALEM:\*\***

ONI Section Three had OPCON of the most elite SMU (Special Mission Unit) in the UNSC; SAD/SOG.

Recruited from all the spec ops groups of the UNSC, ranging from the ODSs and Army Rangers to Tier One groups such as Delta Force, DEVGRU/SEAL Team Six and the ISA, the Special Operations Group was a diverse bunch. Men, women, atheists, Jews, deists could be found in SAD/SOG if you knew where to look.

Recently a team had been sent to infiltrate the Muslim-majority colony of New Levant by order of Admiral Parangosky herself. Both local authorities and the CAA bureau had been overthrown by an Insurrectionist faction who had then established a theocratic dictatorship. The Caliph was suspected of harboring URF terrorists.

Like the Taliban of Afghanistan in the 21st century, he would pay with his life for that error.

The six-operator group were all given callsigns for security reasons, each callsign naming them after an Israeli city. As the lead Paramilitary Operations Officer, he had the codename of Jerusalem. The only female on the team was Petah, who served as the tech expert. The remaining team members went by Tel Aviv, Haifa, Rishon and Ashdod.

New Dubai wasn't the capital of the planet, New Mecca, but it was the center of business and trade of New Levant just as it's name sake in the Middle East was. There was even a space elevator, making it the most important port city for the colony.

Currently the Caliph was visiting the city, and would now make a speech railing against the "Infidels of Earth."

Jerusalem would interrupt that speech with a HEIAP round. Being a Jew himself, if fairly liberal, made him relish the opportunity to snipe him.

As the bearded terrorist leader walked to the podium, he tapped his earpiece. "Jerusalem to Petah, what's your status on the Superintendent? Over."

The woman answered somewhat stressed yet simultaneously calm. "Almost done, standby. I have to deal with firewalls and white hats, gotta keep them from seeing me."

He paused. "White hats?"

"Government or corporate employed hackers who help to maintain computer security, although in this case they're bad guys. Hold on..."

He counted to five before she responded. "Alright, I'm in. Jerusalem, how copy?"

"Solid copy," he replied, setting his targeting reticle on the Caliph's forehead. "Standing by to fire."

His HUD was already helping him compensate for wind velocity and other factors, eliminating the need for a spotter. It would be difficult but not impossible to make the shot, which Jerusalem was grateful for. Sabot rounds had a longer range but less firepower, and he didn't want to deal with the possibility of having to shoot at the Caliph's chest and learn he had proper armor.

"Jerusalem, standby to fire on my mark. Over," Petah spoke over the encrypted COM frequency.

"Standing by," he replied.

"Three, two, one..."

Suddenly the entire city entered a blackout, with all the lights shut off by Petah.

"Mark, Mark!"

He pulled the trigger.

The 14.5x114mm HEIAP bullet hit the Caliph right between the eyes. Even if it had been a chest shot, the thing was the equivalent of a 24mm cannon round. No armored coat or ballistic vest could withstand that level of firepower.

As the theocratic fascist sank to his knees, Jerusalem reported in. "Primary target eliminated, over."

"Roger that, proceed to the garage and RV immediately. Already got an elevator waiting for you, boss."

As promised, the elevator took him down quickly. Everyone loaded up in the getaway vehicle and they escaped as New Dubai fell into chaos.

\*\*ME: How was that guys?\*\*

## 11. Chapter 11

\*\*ME: Sorry I haven't updated in a while guys. Back to Earth with a filler chapter.\*\*

\*\*Pelican Oscar Zero Four Five, inbound to UNSC \_Strident\_ from Planet Earth\*\*

\*\*DIRECTOR:\*\*

Due to his success as the Director of Project Freelancer, Doctor Leonard Church had been promoted to Chief Scientist of ONI following the demise of Doctor Halsey and thus more or less gained control of Section Three's Special Projects Division, the UNSC's R-and-D.

It also brought him into contact with Doctor Julius Nichols, head of Project Kilo Papa November.

Church would've smiled if he was a smiling man, but he was happy in his own way.

Kilo Papa November stood for, "Kinetic Plus Nuclear." The Project had developed the first nuclear MAC round the UNSC had ever known.

It was a hollowpoint design, unlike the full metal jacket-type rounds made for penetrating armor. In addition to the initial kinetic energy of the round, a load of lithium deuterium would be detonated after impact, greatly increasing the firepower in a single shot.

Now they would test it outside of a laboratory.

The Pelican landed inside the starboard hangar bay. As both scientists exited the dropship, Commander Keyes herself greeted them.

"Welcome aboard, Doctor Church," she said. She was tall by female standards at 5'10, and she was wearing practical boots instead of high heels. Brown shoulder-length hair and green eyes didn't indicate she was the daughter of \_Infinity's\_ Captain, but there was a quality to her that made it obvious to the Director.

Rather than have small talk, the three moved to the CIC, where Keyes took an earpiece her XO offered.

"Bravo-Six Control, \_Strident\_ Actual requesting clearance to begin exercise. Over."

The reply was heard even though Church didn't have an earpiece. "\_Strident\_, roger. You are cleared to initiate the exercise, all colonies in orbit of Neptune have already been informed and have cleared the exercise zone. Proceed with caution anyway, out."

With that out of the way, the O-5 began to order her crew around. "Weapons, I want those capacitors fully-charged ten minutes ago. NAV, lay in a course for Neptune, all ahead full. OPS, have Engineering on standby to initiate an all stop and divert all power to weapons on my command. Understood?"

"Ma'am, yes, ma'am!" They replied.

The frigate, being a \_Strident\_, moved rapidly like a Cheetah. Soon they reached the exercise area.

The ship being used for target practice was the old destroyer \_Gorgon\_. The first ship to ever have a MAC gun, she had avoided being scrapped for razor blades and would go out in a Viking funeral, so to speak.

"Ma'am," the Lieutenant at Weapons said, "MAC capacitors fully charged, safeties off."

"Fire at will, Lieutenant," said Keyes rather casually, as if deciding on pizza or burgers for lunch at a civilian restaurant.

The shot left the barrel and travelled through space before slamming into the Gorgon. The outdated relic stood no chance as the round delivered unadulterated kinetic energy via it's impact before detonating.

All that was left was radioactive debris.

"COM, send message to the HIVE: 'Exercise complete. Test successful.'"

**\*\*ME:** Hoped you guys liked this one.\*\*

## 12. Chapter 12

**\*\*ME:** A/N: I'm bringing in characters from the Marvel Universe in this chapter, PM or review me if you think I should mark this as a crossover.\*\*

**\*\*SHIELD** has been-if you pardon my unintentional pun-shielding Earth since before either of us were born, Miss Hill. Terrorists, Mafia members, you name it. And it's been like this way ever since 2170. So keep an eye on Parangosky-it makes me nervous when there's other people on our turf.\*\*

(Director Nicholas J. Fury, leader of SHIELD, speaking to Deputy Director Maria Hill on being placed under the oversight of ONI by the UNSC Security Council)

**\*\*May 4, 2553\*\***

**\*\*World Security Council Conference Room, Triskelion, Washington D.C., United Republic of North America, Earth\*\***

**\*\*PARANGOSKY:\*\***

It was easy to think the District of Columbia, the capital city of a nation that was once the most powerful superpower on Earth (and still was quite influential and had even expanded to include two of it's neighbors), was impenetrable.

Being CINCONI, though, meant Parangosky knew better. NYC, Beijing and London were literally and metaphorically wiped off the map.

As a result, the Strategic Homeworld Intervention, Enforcement and Logistics Division no longer answered to the United Nations but to the UNSC. More specifically, her as did the Department of Colonial Security.

Alexander Pierce, head of the World Security Council, greeted her with Director Fury.

"Welcome to the Triskelion, Admiral," he said politely as they handshaked. "I hope you enjoyed your flight here."

"Albatrosses aren't meant to be enjoyed, but yes," she replied. "I came to talk to you to discuss the Hong Kong Conference next week."

"SHIELD will be providing security alongside local law enforcement,"

Fury said. "Also, any leads on those arms dealers in Rio?"

"None," Parangosky grimaced. "It seems more then a few of the riff-raff killed themselves rather than be captured. You trust you don't need backup for Hong Kong?"

"Militia and police can handle it," Pierce answered. "Afterall, Fury has assured both the Council and I it's under control."

**\*\*LOCUS:\*\***

He answered his helmet COM. "Control, this is Locus. I await your orders, sir. Over."

The reply was instant. "The situation in Hong Kong simply needs one more piece for the chessboard, Locus. Activate the Winter Asset immediately; one can only stay so long in a cryo-tube. Acknowledge."

"Yes, sir," he replied. "It shall be done."

"Understood, Locus. Do not disappoint me. Control out."

With that he walked over to the cryo-chamber and began decanting the occupant.

When she was finally unfrozen and awake, the Winter Asset merely glanced at him. "I await your order, Locus."

"Hong Kong," he said. "Control wants the French President assassinated when he attends the conference there. I'll arrange for transport, you simply get ready to leave. Am I clear?"

"Yes, Locus," she said, unzipping out of her jumpsuit to put on combat gear. She was wearing a tank top and boxers underneath the suit, but the woman could've been naked and he wouldn't care. She was not a lover, but an asset.

**\*\*ME: How was that?\*\***

### 13. Chapter 13

**\*\*ME: Sorry for not updating in over a month guys, here's Chapter 13.\*\***

**\*\*With the metropolises of New York City, London and Brazil destroyed, some are questioning the safety of the G-20 Conference in Hong Kong. But Director Fury of SHIELD has assured the public that his agents will protect the delegates alongside Militia and local law enforcement.\*\***

(Earth Times Daily Update)

**\*\*May 11, 2553\*\***

**\*\*Grand Hyatt Hong Kong, United States of China, Earth\*\***

**\*\*WINTER ASSET:\*\***



Lying down on the roof of a luxury hotel, the Winter Asset glanced through her SRS99-S5 AM's scope as the limousines came into view.

Chambering a 14.5x114mm sabot round, she zoomed in on her target as he stepped outside his limo: The President of the French Republic.

Her HUD provided information on both range and wind velocity to increase accuracy, and Winter made good use of both as she aimed and fired.

The bullet penetrated his forehead and went through the President's skull, killing him instantly. As the other dignitaries rushed to cover or hit the floor while their suit-wearing bodyguards drew Magnums, Winter tapped her earpiece.

"Target has been successfully eliminated, over," she said.

"Roger that," Locus replied instantly, "standby for extract."

Behind the hotel-and out of sight of the G-20 delegation-a cloaked Condor materialized. Essentially a substantially longer Pelican with a slipspace drive, it would easily get her both off planet and out of the Sol system.

Flying in via jetpack, Winter was pulled into the dropship by Locus.

"Excellent work, soldier," he complimented before accessing his radio. "This is Locus to all sleepers, Wildcard! I say again, Code: Wildcard is now in effect."

**\*\*AGENT COULSON:\*\***

"This is Hong Kong Control to all agents," his radio barked. "The French President is down, Code Red! I repeat, this is a Code Red emergency-."

Control's voice was muffled, however, by a series of explosions.

"WOAH!" Agent Phil Coulson of SHIELD yelled, covering his eyes. "This is Agent Coulson to Control, the Kap Shui Mun Bridge is out! I repeat, Kap Shui Mun is down, there's been multiple explosions! Over!"

Evidently terrorists had somehow managed to plant and detonate explosives on the two towers for the Kap Shui Mun Bridge, destroying it and cutting off all access to the International Airport. And impeding any evacuation efforts in doing so...

"Agent Sitwell to Control, be advised: All three Victoria Harbor crossings have been bombed, I repeat, all tunnels linking Kowloon and Hong Kong Island have been flooded!"

**\*\*ME: A/N: Thanks to Google Maps and Wikipedia for making this possible (and making Hong Kong as geographically accurate as possible).\*\***

## 14. Chapter 14

**\*\*ME:** Hello, boys and girls! I'm back! A/N: I meant to say Beijing, not Brazil in Chapter 13. Warning: Spoilers if you haven't seen the awesome movie known as the Winter Soldier.\*\*

**\*\*FURY:\*\***

The African-American man glared at the two white cops. It was the 26th Century, for Christ's sakes!

"Wanna see my license and registration?"

The police responded non-verbally by turning on their sirens and flashing lights. Could Caucasians finally accept black people having as nice or even nicer cars than them?

Just as Fury moved into the intersection, though, another police cruiser rammed into the left side of his SHIELD-modified SUV. The first car reversed and slammed into the front of his vehicle, while a third one rammed his rear. A fourth police car drove up to his right while his car's onboard AI came on.

"Fracture detected," it said casually, seemingly oblivious to the danger to him. "Recommend anesthetic injection." Meanwhile the car that had rammed his left backed up, while a SWAT APC followed by a fifth police cruiser pulled into the area before dropping off its load of armor-clad officers.

As Fury injected his left arm, the AI went in. "DC Metro Police Dispatch shows no units in this area." Fake cops, then. Not that it was much of a comfort, given that both the assailants in blue shirts and the fake SWAT team members were all armed with MA5B assault rifles. That model was horribly inaccurate at longer ranges, but the fact the hitmen were not standing far away in addition to the MA5B having a 60-round magazine more than made up for it. "Get me out of here!" He ordered the vehicle AI.

The fake police and SWAT opened fire, 7.62x51mm FMJ rounds slamming into the SUV.

"Propulsion systems offline."

"Then reboot, dammit!"

As the rifle fire stopped, four men in SWAT gear brought out a battering ram. "Window integrity compromised," the AI announced.

"Ya think?" Said Fury. "How long until propulsion?"

"Calculating."

The battering ram slammed into the SUV. "Window integrity thirty-one percent. Offensive measures advised."

"Hold that order!"

Another smash; Fury could see the thugs start to reload. "Window integrity nineteen percent. Deploying countermeasures."

"Wait!"

A third smash. "Window integrity one percent."

"Now!" A hybrid weapon consisting of a quad-barreled machine gun and a grenade launcher deployed. He gunned down whatever hitmen were unfortunate enough to be in the way, before switching to the grenade launcher and destroying the APC. It was a law enforcement model and thus could take bullets but not explosives.

"Propulsion systems online."

"Full acceleration, now!" Director Fury ordered.

**\*\*LOCUS:\*\***

"Sir, the target's on the move but we're on his tail! I say again, we're in pursuit of Foxtrot!"

"Roger that," he replied emotionlessly before switching channels. "Winter, Target Foxtrot's headed your way. Standby to capture, acknowledge."

"Copy that," she said, "standing by."

**\*\*ME: Happy New Year's, guys!\*\***

## 15. Chapter 15

**\*\*ME: Sorry for the lack of updates, guys. Here's my final chapter.\*\***

"Fury's dead."

It was no longer a question if he had died; simply when. The Director of SHIELD's body had turned up in the Hudson River, his right hand removed.

"We know, Colonel," Lord Hood answered solemnly. "And justice will be served regardless. Take the Atlas and some elite operatives, we need to take these marauders down."

The next day, the UNSC Atlas left with Colonel Holland and some elite special forces operatives; Noble Team; Freelancer Agents Washington and Carolina; Fireteam Majestic; and last but not least, the former simulation troopers of Project Freelancer.

**\*\*ME: A/N: This is a bit of a cop-out, but I can't really find the time to write Justice anymore. Rest assured, though, I will pickup where we left off here (in spirit) at a latter date in a RVB/Halo crossover with the Hunger Games.\*\***

End  
file.